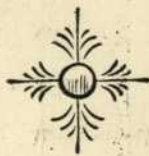


NEW EDITION WITH TONIC SOL-FA.

117
G. DONALDSON
VERSEY
MUSIC SELLER
A-514



SENTENCED TO DEATH

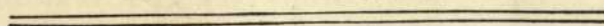
Baritone Song

WRITTEN BY

W. G. ROBESY

Composed by

W. H. FOX.



London,
W. PAXTON, 19, OXFORD STREET, W.

A-514
2
MUSIC LETTER
O. J. REED
DONALDSON

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Descriptive Ballad.

Words by W. C. ROBEY.

Music by WILL. H. FOX.

Andante Moderato

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

KEY E♭ s . . s d' : t . l s : f . . . m

1. The grey dawn had crept o'er the
2. He thought of the love of his
3. To the old Bar - rack Square they.....

rit

p

s : f . de | r . l : - . l | l : t . d' | s : m . d | d : t . d | r : - . s |

still - ness of morning, The dew - drops they glis - tend like i - ci - cled breath, The
fee - ble old mo - ther, He thought of the col - leen so dear to his heart, The
march'd the young he - ro, The band - age he tore from his eyes with dis - dain, You

d' : t. l | s. f : - . m | s : f. de | r. l : - . l | l : t. d | s. m : - . d 3

notes of the bu_gle had sound - ed its warning, A young I_rish soldier lay
sobs of af_fec_tion he scarce - ly could smo_ther, Well know - ing how soon from them
think I'm a_fraid of a crime - sod_dend "Ne - ro", I'd die for my coun_try a -

m : m. r | d : - . m | d : t. l | t. se : - . m | f : m. r | f. m : - . m |

sen - tenced to death. No cold blooded murder had stain'd his pure conscience He
both he must part. He fear'd not to die though his heart was near bro_ken 'Twas
- gain and a - gain. I blame not my com_rades for do - ing their du - ty, "Aim

r : fe. l | r'. r' : - . d' | t : s. l | s : - . s | d' : t. l | s : f. m |

call'd as a witness his Ma - ker on high, Hed sim - ply been fight - ing for
sim - ply re_membrance of those he lov'd well: His bi - ble he press'd to his
straight at my heart"were the last words he said, Ex - pos - ing his breast to the

s : f. de | r. l : - . l | l : t. d | s : m. d | l. d : - . r | d : - .

Ire - land's lov'd freedom, Ar - res - ted and tried: he was sentenced to die.
heart as a to_ken, Its words cheer'd his soul in a fel_on's cold cell.
point of the ri_fle, The smoke clear'd a - way, The young sol_dier was dead.

Chorus.

m : f., f. s : d., s | t. 1 : - | - : 1 | t : 1., s | r : r | m : - | . : m |
 Lay him away on the hillside, a - long with the brave and bold, In -
 - scribe his name on the scroll of fame in let - ters of pur - est gold, "My
 conscience would nev - er con - vict me," he said with his dy - ing breath May
 God bless the cause of free - dom for which I am sentenc'd to death!

D.C.